

THE
CAUSES
OF
Scotland's Miseries.

A
POEM

IN
Imitation of the VI. Ode of the Third Book

OF *K. Horatius*
HORACE.

*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia: neq;
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.*

Horat. Lib. 1. Ode 3.

W
EDINBURGH,
Printed by James Watson in Craig's Close, 1700.

THE
CAUSES

OF
SCOTLAND'S MILITARY

FOR
THE

Illustration of the History of the Third Book



HOKRACE

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OF
THE
THE

EDINBURGH

Printed by James Watson in Craig's Close, 1840

(3)

THE
CAUSES
OF
Scotland's Miseries!

A P O E M

Imitation of the VI. Ode of Horace's
THIRD BOOK,

D*Elicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec Templaresceris
Ædeisq; labentis Deorum, &
Fæda nigro Simulacra fumo.*

IN vain, Heroick SCOTS, in vain ye try
True solid Ease, and calm Prosperity,
By all your Towring Projects to attain,
While GUILT and Sacrilege your Land do stain;
While in the Dust your Church's Glories ly;
Your Church which once so Fam'd for Purity,
Her awful Head did raise above the Sky,
Darting such dazzling Lustre all around,
As did with Panick Fears her Foes Confound,

▲

But

(3)
But now, alas ! with Rubbish cover'd o're,
She's Hiss'd at, that was Terrible before.
But till such time as ye with Pains repair
Her Ruins, and her stately Turrets rear
Out of the Dust, to their first Dignity,
Ne're think t' enjoy your Ancient Liberty :
No, tho in naked Innocence your Souls
Were bath'd, which yet your human State controuls,
Your Sires black Pefjuries hang o're your Head,
And all the Guiltless Blood that they have shed,
Which Heaven's avenging Justice at your Hand,
Beyond all Controversy, will demand.

*Dis te minorem quod geris imperas :
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperia mala luctuosa.*

'Tis from the Bounty of th' Almighty God,
Whose Providential Care and Divine Nod
Rule the wide Universe, as He doth please :
Or that ye are, or are in Peace and Ease.
As solely pure Devotion did you raise,
To wear Triumphant and Victorious Bays ;
So Pure Devotion must you still Defend
From dreadful Judgements, and a dreadful End.
God knows ! since we His Precepts have forlook,
And shaken from our Necks His easy Yoaik,
How like the foaming Billows in their Pride,
One Scourge upon another's Back does ride,
In such a fort, that Ruin seems to be
The fatal Uphor of our Miserie.

(5)

*Fam his Monastes & Pacori manus,
 Non auspicatos contudit impetus
 Nostros :
 Paene occupatam Seditionibus
 Delevit urbem Dacus, &c.*

No real Service we to Heav'n now pay
 In meer Hypocrisy we *Fast* and *Pray*,
 • Or droop ~~the~~ *Bul-rushes* for a Day.
 Th' Almighty vext, in fiery Wrath look'd down,
 Our guilty Nation trembled at His Frown;
 • And in His Anger past this just Decree :
*Since they a Formal Service pay to Me,
 Almighty Phantom their Reward shall be;
 Their Hopes I'll raise above their Hearts content,
 And tantalize their wish'd Enjoyment,
 Till they, in Sorrow, for their Sins Repent.*
 He spoke, and we the sad Effects have found,
 He dash'd our infant Hopes against the Ground,
 And all our swelling Expectations drown'd:
 Civil Discords did rend our Bowels a while,
 And Forreign Swords hang o're our lab'ring Isle :
 Death and his frightful Syth has stalk'd abroad,
 And mow'd down Men, like Grass upon his Road :
 Diseases all in swarmy Crowds do wait
 On the great Executioner of Fate:
 Dearth, near to Famine, has haras'd the Land
 For sev'ral Years, by the Divine Command,
 By which the num'rous Poor, for Hunger starv'd,
 Have suffer'd that which others best deserv'd :
 Devouring Flames, like wing'd Destroyers flew,
 Commission'd Winds to their Assistance blew,
 (Oh 'twas a Dreadful and a Dismal Show)
 And in a trice their boundless Rage burnt down
 • The greatest Glories of the Imperial Town ;

The

The horrid Devastations made of late,
Look like a Curse more, than a common Fate:

*Fecunda culpa secula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere & genus & domos,
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In Patriam, Populumq; fluxit.
Motus doceri gaudet Ionicus
Matura Virgo: &c.*

This fruitful Age of Vice did first begin
With Breach of Solemn Vows, their Trade of Sin;
From which vile Source such corrupt Streams did rise,
As drown'd the Land in a Deluge of Vice:
All Ties to Sacred Duties shak'n off,
Men then at Piety began to scoff,
And by Degrees, unto that height it grew,
Each did bare-fac'd Prophanity avow.
Pure Virtue is neglected every where,
While Vice does in her gaudy Pomp appear:
The Court debauch'd with ev'ry kind Excess,
Th' obsequious Vulgar did commit no less;
In ev'ry Place you could not fail to hear
Men brag how they did Swagger, Drink and Swear,
And boast of open Whoredoms without Fear.
The Women too, whose Crown should only be
A Modest, Prudent, Decent Gravity,
Exchanged all for Impudence and Pride,
And act'd their Part in ev'ry Sin beside.
They who these Solemn Ties entire conferr'd,
And from the Time's Contagion were preserv'd,
By wicked Edicts various ways oppress'd,
No Peace at Home, Abroad could find no Rest.

By

(7)

By savage Russians pillag'd of their Wealth,
 They could not enjoy Water but by stealth.
 Nay, which is more, deny'd the common Air,
 And forc'd by cruel Foes to sad Despair,
 They fly like Birds before the Fowler's Snare;
 Murder'd in Fields, on Scaffolds, drown'd in Waves,
 Some strangely Tortur'd, others Sold for Slaves,
 They could find no Repose but in their Graves:
 Laity and Clergy all distain'd in Gore,
 Mademore impartial Foes their Practices abhor.
 Such as the Reins of Government did hold,
 By Native Pride and wicked Counsel bold,
 Took all the Means they could to push their way
 T' erect Tyrannick Arbitrary Sway.
 These were our Fathers Sins, and ours are worse,
 The surest Marks of an impending Curse.
 Great are our Sins, and just is our Distress,
 We Nothing Praise, and we All Profess
 Survey Time's musty Registers; look round
 The far extended habitable Ground,
 If you a Viperish Race like this can find,
 A Race that's bent on Ills of every kind,
 That baffle Nature's Dictats do defy,
 And Mock the Precepts of Divinity,
 When God (in Words) they seem to Glorify.
 The Rich Man's Bu'sness is to Oppress the Poor,
 He will not, Aid the Starving at his Door,
 Yet he'll bestow Ten Guineas on a Whore.
 Nor God nor Man the Rich Oppressor fears;
 Man does Neglect, God for a time forbears,
 But sure our Cries are echo'd in his Ears.
 His kindled Indignation will take vent,
 And Blast them with some Dreadful Punishment.
 A Publick Spirit's vanish'd quite away,
 And Private Int'rests all our Actions sway,
 For this the Father will the Son betray:
 What Scots Man now dares, for his Country's Good,
 Venture a Drop of his degen'rat Blood.
 O Heavens! of what Crimes have we been free?
 A Land polluted to a Prodigle,

Non

(8)
*Non his Furventus orta Parentibus
Infecit æquor Sanguine Punico:
Pyrrumq; & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Annibalemq; dirum.*

They were not such mean Sp'rited Sots I guess,
Our Sires, whose Progeny made *Rome* confess,
Maugre her spreading Lawrels, and in spite
Of all her Martial Troops, innur'd to Fight,
That *Scotland* bred a Feirce and Warlick Crue,
Whose stubborn Tempers they could ne're subdue:
Nor could a Stock, Vicious like this, produce
Such Hero's as great *W A L L A C E* and the *BRUCE*,
Who by fly Stratagems and brisk Allarms,
Did put a Stop t' *Edward's* encroaching Arms,
Did our Ancestors, in *Queen Mary's* Reign,
Their Native Rights to Tyranny resign?
If so, we yet had groan'd beneath the Yoak
Of *Papish* Slav'ry, which they bravely broak.

21 JAN 50

*Damnosa quid non immisit dies?
Ætas Parentum peior avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.*

What need I thus our Age of Crimes accuse?
What does not all-corrupting Time abuse?
Our Grandfires happier Age in Word and Deed,
For Virtue did our Fathers Age exceed;
Just as our Fathers Age did far outdo
All virtuous Aēs we can pretend unto:
And, Ah! avert it Heaven, methinks I see
That we'll transmit unto *Posteritie*
An Off-spring, yet more profligate than we.

F T N I S

